



HOW WHIPPED MISTAH JEFF.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1910.

FATAL SHOOTING AT MAX MEADOWS

Robert Hudson Creates Disturbance at Ball Game and is Killed.

Wytheville, Va., July 22.—Robert Hudson, a white man, was shot and killed and two others wounded in an affray at Max Meadows this morning about 10:30 o'clock by Robert Walk.

WILD DASH AFTER RUNAWAY HORSE

Brave Act on Part of Unknown Negro, Who Thought Not of Danger.

Unthoughtful of the fame which might have been his, and seemingly desirous of only giving aid, an unknown negro last night stopped a runaway horse belonging to Leroy Cohen, of 1607 Park Avenue.

All the while the unknown negro was closely pursuing. He could not tell whether the buggy was occupied, and seemed not to think of his own life.

Mr. Cohen gave the unknown negro a tip for his work, and then the latter disappeared. In the excitement no one asked his name, and he was discharged without information.

Ford's Hair Pomade.

Seldom is an advertised preparation underestimated, yet strange as it may seem there is, at least, one remedy that we know which is hardly given the credit that is due it.

One need not be afraid to try this old time remedy for kinky, harsh, short and curly hair, for as we said, we honestly believe that it will do more than the manufacturers claim of it and is under-estimated.

Burned at the Stake.

Dallas, July 22.—Henry Gentry, a negro, who attempted to enter the room of a white woman at Belton, Texas, early this morning, and who later killed Constable James Mitchell, who tried to arrest him, was burned at the stake to-night by a mob.

Jack Johnson Tells Kate Carew.

Once more, if you please, let us contemplate Mr. Johnson. (Prithce pass on, pensive highbrow, this page is not for you.)

A more illustrious Mr. Johnson than when I discoursed with him three months ago, for by grace of knightly conquest he has become the world's incomparable, sovereign, most formidable and august beater and bruiser of men.

"Mr. Johnson," said I, "a great many people who are not at all interested in the technical part of your profession, have expressed some curiosity about the psychological side of it."

"In the second round," said I, "you said to Mr. Jeffries: 'Don't you rough me. Was that because he had been hurting you?'"

"Well, no, it wasn't that kind," confessed Mr. Johnson. "It was more the kind of luff that would curdle the morning's milk."

"What do you think, Mr. Johnson?" I inquired.

"As far as I can remember," replied Mr. Johnson, looking at the ceiling, "one of the best jollies I gave old Jeff was when he came into a clinch, and I said, 'Whatchoo counter hug me fo', Mr. Jeffries? You know puffywell you don't love me.'"

"And that was a hot one you handed Corbett," exclaimed little Mr. Hart, "when you sang out to him. 'You'd better come right up here, Jim, and help your man. There were a whole lot of meanings to that, Jack. It meant that Jeff needed help, and it meant that you could have taken on Corbett, too, and it meant that you had beaten Corbett at the kidning game. In fact, you fought two men at Reno.'"

"Not a trace of self-consciousness," whispered the professor, "and eating under observation is a very severe test. The man is either a child or a master of deportment—I'm inclined to think the latter. Observe the extraordinary economy of effort."

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Mr. Johnson opened his eyes very wide suspended for a moment the process of deglutition, and looked plaintively at Mr. Hart, as if to say: "What columns must not the righteous suffer withal!"

"There's nothing to it," said Mr. Hart briskly. "He was kidding and cracking jokes every second."

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson solemnly shaking his head. "I've never been nervous in all my life."

"Do you mean," I inquired, "that you could beat Mr. Sullivan as he was at his very best?"

"I'm afraid it might be some easier," said Mr. Johnson, with due deliberation.

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"I looked at Mr. Johnson, hero and idol of his race, and wondered in what way civilization could have used his peculiar talents if there had been no such profession as prize-fighting. Cool, crafty, patient, ambitious and immensely strong, courageous and quick, he seems to have been especially moulded for fighting in some individual form. His singularly flat head—it slopes almost without an angle from the eyebrows back to the cone-shaped crown—might have been built by design for the glancing off of blows. In action—I saw his sparring exhibition at Hammerstein's that afternoon—he has a weirdly reptilian way of drawing down that flat head between his prodigious shoulders and anon protruding it and playing it swiftly from side to side like a huge turtle."

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rose somewhat hesitantly. "I sprang it on him," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, "in the first clinch when he started in to roughing it some. Come on, doc."

"I'm a little doubtful as to the value of a literal demonstration," said the professor, hanging back. "Did you—ah—hug him very hard?"

"The sensation is remarkable," said the professor to me. "I never experienced a feeling of such utter helplessness, with the disquieting consciousness of being at the mercy of an overwhelming force."

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He went into an adjoining room and returned with a bass viol almost as large as himself.

"He doesn't play solos on it, does he?" exclaimed the professor.

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not think Jeff gave him the fight that Tommy Burns did in our country."

"You can't take anything away from Johnson. You have got to give him credit for the clean manner in which he handled himself in the ring, his continual good nature, his refusal to be bothered by the side talk which was being handed to him from Jeff's corner, his cleverness with his hands and the careful manner in which he refrained from putting his title in jeopardy. He was clean in his fighting from start to finish. He took no unfair advantages and fought squarely and honestly. As for Jeff, well I think he was the worst conditioned man I ever saw enter a ring for the heavyweight championship."

"It's all over, Johnson won the love in affair and square fight. None will deny that. The negro told me that he never felt the sting of a single blow during the fight, and that Jeff could have hit him all night and would have done no more damage than he did in fifteen rounds. He left Johnson laughing and joking and I want to say that every word he uttered was in praise of Jeff. He said Jeff fought him like a man, but insisted that he never could lick him."

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\$150.00 Endowment Paid. Danville, Va., July 18, 1910. This is to certify that I have received from John Mitchell, Jr., Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, Knights of Pythias, N. A., S. A., E. A., A. and A., (\$150.00) One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in payment of the death claim of Brother Peter Hairston, who was a member of Roman Eagle Lodge, No. 18, of Danville, Va. Signed: SARAH HAIRSTON, Administratrix.

\$100.00 Endowment Paid. Roanoke, Va., 1910. This is to certify that I have received from John Mitchell, Jr., Grand Worthy Counselor of the Grand Court of Virginia, Order of Calanthe (\$100.00) One Hundred Dollars in payment of the death claim of Sister Lula Isley, who was a member of Blooming Rose Court, No. 104, of Roanoke, Va. Signed: SIDNEY ISLEY, Beneficiary. Witness: J. H. Page.

Apple Shortcake. Peel tart apples, cut into slices, sprinkle with sugar and put into a pan. Put a plain cake batter or dough over the apples and bake at once. Serve with cream and sugar.

Flaxseed Lemonade. Pour on four tablespoonfuls of whole flaxseed, one quart of boiling water and add the juice of two lemons. Let it steep for three hours, keeping it closely covered. Sweeten to taste. Excellent for colic.

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